



TINA TURNER, SOCKIN' IT TO YOU—See Page Two

Bob Dylan Alive in Nashville; Work Starts On New LP

A bearded Bob Dylan is alive, well, and recording in Nashville, having finally emerged from his retreat in Woodstock, New York.

In the first two sessions at Columbia's country and western studios, in Nashville, Tennessee, Dylan has recorded three songs: "The Drifter's Escape" (a Kafkaesque tale about a man on trial for nothing); "I Dreamed I Saw St. Augustine," and "Frankie Lee and Judas Priest." The first two are between three and four minutes long, and the last just over five and a half minutes.

An authoritative source says the feeling of the songs is close to that of *Highway 61 Revisited*. Dylan's voice has a fuller sound, says the source, and he is trying to "sing" the tracks, not to chant or talk the lyrics. All are done in a middle tempo, and the backing musicians are all from Nashville.

Producer Bob Johnston, who did *Blonde on Blonde*, and *Highway 61* is pleased with the work so far, as are Columbia executives who have set no release date but want the album out as quickly as possible.

A session last week was planned to complete the album. Columbia has other Dylan songs in the can, but since he is back actively writing and recording, it is every doubtful that they will be released.

Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs will soon be releasing "Top of the Flood," a song Bob wrote recently especially for the bluegrass group.

No one but musicians and technicians have been allowed into the studio, but Dylan has been seen in public in Nashville. The beard is a chin and jaw line bush that makes him look like Abraham Lincoln, particularly since his hair is shorter and he is sporting a black, Menonite-style hat. He looks well, say those who have seen him, and his motorcycle accident in August, 1966, has left no visible scars or other damage, as was rumored in the press.

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Bulk rate postage paid at San Francisco

ROLLING STONE is published by Straight Arrow Publishers, Inc., 746 Brannan Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94103. Main editorial and business offices are located at the same address. Telephone (415) KLondike 2-2970.

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CORRESPONDENCE:

SIRS:

It's not often that you get a chance to see pictures of a group being busted. Nobody else would print the pictures even if they had them. So, thanks for the article on the Grateful Dead and I hope you'll let us all know what happens to them.

We all dig ROLLING STONE.

SHARON MILLER
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

SIRS:

I buy all the good teen magazines because I want to know what's going on with rock and roll, but your magazine is the best I've ever read. With all the other magazines I never know whether they're really telling the truth. But ROLLING STONE tells it straight out without all the garbage like what groups love spaghetti.

I'm telling all my friends about ROLLING STONE. And I'm giving a report on it in my composition class at school.

ANDREA BRONSTEIN
TROY, NEW YORK

SIRS:

I would like to compliment ROLLING STONE on the Monterey Pop Festival article in your first issue. I was fortunate enough to be visiting friends in California during the time of the festival and they took me to Monterey. I'd never seen any of the San Francisco groups before or most of the other groups on the bill. I was really knocked out!

It is indeed unfortunate though that the beautiful idea behind the festival was handled so poorly. I cannot understand how the Festival Board could misdirect such large amounts of money. Furthermore, it is incomprehensible to me how any organized group of intelligent men could leave important decisions, such as the disbursement of the profits to charities, hanging for so long.

CLAUDIA WELDER
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

SIRS:

I have finished reading your exciting ROLLING STONE from cover to cover. I find it to be one of the most exciting and interesting newspapers of its type that I have read to date. Keep up the good work.

I have mentioned, on my afternoon radio show, about this groovy thing, and I have received several requests as to how they can receive the paper.

BRUCE HATHAWAY
RADIO KTSA
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

SIRS:

We would like to compliment you on such a cool newspaper and the really groovy information in it. I'm sure that this newspaper will be a "super" hit.

Keep up the good work!
Dig your newspaper.

COOKIE SILLS, BEAVER LEWIS
PADUCAH, KENTUCKY



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BARON WOLMAN

IKE AND TINA TURNER

Tina Turner is an incredible chick. She comes in this very short miniskirt, way above her knees, with zillions of silver sequins and sparklers pasted on it. Her dancing is completely unrestrained. Unlike the polite hand-clapping Motown groups, she and the Ikettes scream, wail and do some fantastic boogaloo. No matter what you may think of the music, Tina Turner is worth sitting down and paying close attention to.

Except for Tina and the Ikettes, the Ike and Tina Turner Revue is not very interesting. Their show follows the set pattern for rhythm and blues evenings: forty-five minutes of instrumental music from the back-up band, a lengthy intermission, and the second half of the show with a singing MC and Ike and Tina and the Ikettes.

The pattern is not a bad one. It can be a complete mind-blow if you've never seen it before. If you have, then how good it is usually depends on who is fronting the tour. If the star is popular he can pay for top back-up men, or if he is a well respected artist, he can attract and keep a steady group of first rate musicians.

When Tina and the Ikettes come on, the show starts, and it's a show worth watching. Tina's singing has a hoarse, throaty effect and she handles her voice and herself as if she knows what she's talking about. When she addresses the audience, she is saying something.

Toward the end they do "River Deep, Mountain High." It is a great song, produced by Phil Spector in his deep and lush orchestral way. The record was a big hit in England two summers ago, and for some reason never made it here. If you have never heard it, it's on Phillies (131).

However, Ike and Tina have this miserable band with them, most definitely not what was in the studio when they made the record. To approximate the recording, the whole band dramatically accents the first and third beats as if one instrument. It comes off as sort of badly rocked-up.

Tina is nothing short of amazing. With Ike, she does their old hit "Gonna Work Out Fine," a call-response song. "Ike? . . ." "Yes, Tina . . ." What with all the dancing, Ike and Tina are beautiful to see and hear.

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FLASHES:

Brian in Gaol; Album in Can

The Rolling Stones have finished a two-record album, their first since splitting with manager-producer Andrew Loog Oldham. It's tentatively due for release on December 1.

The delay in release is not due to the tracks themselves, but the album cover. Production problems in fitting it with a thin plastic plate to make the photograph behind appear to move in 3-D is now holding it up.

Bassist Bill Wyman wrote one track. Mick Jagger and Keith Richards wrote the rest. Jagger produced both records.

His experience may have set back the rumored plans for a Beatles-Stones merger centered on record producing. "I'm getting fed up with record producing myself," Mick said this week. "I don't think I'll do any more. Recording the Stones is enough."

But the merger idea, in some form or another, is still not completely dead. Jagger is talking over plans, possibly for a new label, with Beatle Paul McCartney.

Meanwhile, amid the tearful squeals of teenage fans, Stones' rhythm guitarist Brian Jones was sentenced to nine months imprisonment for possession of marijuana and for allowing friends to smoke it in his London apartment.

The sentence was handed down despite a psychiatrist's evidence that Jones' mental health would be completely destroyed by confinement.

"He would go into psychotic depression as he could not possibly stand a stigma of a prison sentence, and he might well attempt to injure himself," argued Dr. Leonard Henry, who treated Jones for a breakdown after his arrest last May.

Jones had pleaded guilty to the charges, but the sentence will be appealed.

Jagger is now on one year's probation for his drug conviction in June. An earlier sentence of one year in prison was reduced on appeal; Richard's conviction at the same time was completely reversed on the same appeal.

If You Can Believe Mama Cass

Mama Cass Elliot has been going around telling everybody that the Mamas and Papas have broken up. Though the group hopes to get together to record an album in six months, they cancelled all their scheduled appearances in England and on the Continent. Mama Michelle and Papa John Phillips expect to deliver a child around Valentine's Day.

The group's long Grecian sojourn together has apparently also fallen apart. Denny Doherty is back in Los Angeles ("you know where that's at") and Mama Cass is also headed toward L.A. Lou Adler, who produced their albums which steadily declined in quality from the first unrestrained *If You Can Believe Your Eyes and Ears*, still remains incommunicado.

Davy Does It in New York

Davy Jones, a member of the popular singing group, the Monkees, has entered the clothing business in New York City. He has opened a boutique in Greenwich Village called "Zilch I." It is a dry goods store which handles lines of slacks, shirts, boots, bells and beads. It is also a mail order house: 25¢ for a catalogue, 217 Thompson Street, New York

City.

If you are further interested in the doings of the Monkees, this month's issue of *Sixteen Magazine* features a two page photo spread on the group's barber, titled "I Cut the Monkees' Hair," by Michael Graber. Peter Tork meditates when having his hair cut; Mike Nesmith's hair grows fastest.

Grateful Dead Records

The Grateful Dead hopes to have some new records out soon, particularly a single in late November and an LP in January. If the group obtains the approval of Warner Brothers, the January release will be a two-record set chock full o' goodies.

Some of the titles already recorded for the LP include "Alligator," "No Potato Caboose," and "Dark Star." The single is an as yet unnamed original tune.

Live tracks may also be in-

cluded. Warner Brothers is setting up an eight-track remote tape unit at concerts the Dead are doing November 10 and 11 at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles. The Dead hopes to include a marching band on their LP and make use of the arranging talents of Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel, who have indicated a desire to help the Dead while in Los Angeles during November.

The Who Back in States

The Who will return to the United States on November 15 for a three-week tour on the college circuit. Plans have also been made for them to fly to New York on or about February 20 to start a five-week string of appearances throughout the country.

"Ours is a group with a built-in hate," the Who says, "Sometimes you will just be getting really musically involved and some stupid girl with 'Freddie' tattooed on her front will come up and cry 'Ringo.' You feel like smashing her with Coke bottles."



AIRPLANE'S NEW ALBUM: BATHING AT BAXTER'S

BY MICHAEL LYDON

Jefferson Airplane finally finished their third LP Halloween week after two months of off-and-on recording in Los Angeles. It's called *After Bathing at Baxter's*, has a fold-out cover designed by cartoonist Ron Cobb, and, says lead singer Marty Balin, is "a whole new and different thing for the group."

Recorded while the San Francisco band lived in luxury at a Beverly Hills mansion that the Beatles rented on one American tour, the album's very tentative release date is November 15.

As of November 1, seven tracks, besides "Ballad of You and Me and Pooneil" and "Two Heads" previously released as a single, were finished.

Three are Paul Kantner compositions: "Watch Her Ride," "Martha," and "Wild Time." The other members except for Jack Casady, have contributed one track each.

Grace Slick's song is "Rejoice," originally called "Ulysses," whose lyric is snatches of James Joyce's novel. An oboe plays behind her voice. "It's too powerful for Top-40," says Balin, "it has the line, 'I'd rather my country died for me, and there's a character in it named 'Blazes Crotch'."

Spence Dryden did his cut, "A Package of Value," all by himself, piling three drum tracks, a marimba track, and one on harpsichord into a "song sandwich" that is the joke of the album.

Jorma Kaukonen's number, "Last Wall of the Castle," is "a mind-blower" according to the Airplane's personal manager, Bill Thompson. "Young Girl Sunday Blues," Balin's contribution, is over five minutes long, the album's longest cut.

Answering criticism that the album is way behind schedule, Balin said the group had never set a date for the album's completion. "We've just done it when we could."

As the Airplane left the Fillmore a week ago Sunday for their last planned session in RCA's Los Angeles studios (the same ones used by the Rolling Stones and the Grateful Dead), they had no idea of what songs would complete "After Bathing."

"We have a few more done," Balin said, "but we don't like

them. There'll probably be two more and they'll be things we come up with right at the last minute. We always do that.

"Man, we're the worst people ever in a recording studio. We create our music in the ballrooms. Compared to them a recording studio is so sterile, like a hospital, that it takes us three weeks just to get used to walking through the door."

This time, with complete artistic control and without the Grateful Dead's Jerry Garcia as "spiritual and musical advisor," the Airplane has been on its own.

"No one helps us," said Balin, "I think everyone there is afraid of us. We try crazy things and no one tells us they can't be done. Our producer is like a school teacher with a real creative class, letting the kids do what they want and just making sure they don't smash all the erasers."

Bill Thompson says the album cover is as strange as the sounds inside. Cobb's cartoon is a monster airplane which carries, in tiny detail, symbols of plastic American culture: beer cans, billboards, tacky-tack houses and buildings, some of which are recognizable San Francisco landmarks. The plane trails a banner inscribed with the album's title, a name suggested by an "underground - underground group called the Night Owls," says Balin. It refers to no known place or event.

Inside the fold are six pictures of the Airplane taken by photographer Allan Frappe. Thompson says they are indescribably far out, with strange color and form distortions. Balin is so impressed that he would like to do a whole book with Frappe's photographs.

If hard times in the studio have held up the works, *la dolce vita* back at the mansion hasn't helped any either.

The mansion, with a giant pool, sauna bath, rifle range, electronically-controlled gate, and a Japanese houseboy (all for \$5000 a month), has been "a giant toy" says Balin for the group who haven't always had it so good.

"Every night something was happening," Balin said with a fond smile, "there were parties, strange parties, and then weird parties. We just sat there and watched the world go by right inside that house."

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FLASHES:

KHIP Coming to Pasadena

San Francisco-style radio is coming to Los Angeles. Crosby-Pacific Broadcasting, owners of KMPX-FM in San Francisco, has paid \$310,000 for KPPC, 106.7, in Los Angeles, and will give it a format like KMPX's: extensive use of non "Hot 100" rock and roll, album cuts, blues, folk music, and esoterica, as well as what's popular. (See page 14 of this issue for a more detailed report on KMPX's programming.)

The call letters of the new station are KHIP. Formerly the outlet was KPPC, which stood for Pasadena Presbyterian Church. Though the deal was closed in July, KMPX takes over the station after November 6, a date that could vary some 15 days. Program Director and prime-time disc jockey Tom Donahue will be dividing his time equally between the two stations.

The deal also includes purchase of KPPC's one-third interest in a 100 watt AM station, entitling KHIP to broadcasting

time on Wednesday and Sunday nights. No decision has been reached on programming for this time.

Once the administrative takeover of KPPC-FM has been effected, KMPX's directors figure it will take about two weeks to change over its format. Its present format, according to Lew Avery of Crosby-Pacific, is "the weirdest combination of things you ever heard." Protestant religion, foreign language programs, and some jazz. On Saturday nights they broadcast from Shelly's Manne Hole.

KPPC runs the station at 22,500 watts, but it has a 50,000 watt capacity, which KHIP will utilize. The Pasadena Presbyterian Church runs the station as a non-profit enterprise. They didn't plan it that way; they just couldn't make any money from it. Says Avery, "The only two religions that know how to run radio stations as commercial enterprises are the Roman Catholics and the Mormons."

Contact High in Fifth Act

"A contact high from the fifth act" is promised by Hip Arts, Inc., a new theatre company in San Francisco. Their first production, *The High Mass*, opens on November 15 at the Encore Theatre, formerly the home of *The Beard*.

The play is set in an unnamed Catholic college and is strongly

anti-clerical in nature. The plot has a lot of dope and sex, some of which may find its way on stage. Hip Arts, Inc. describes the play, written by John Alioto, as an attempt to "take all the things that are around today and put them into the theatre." They call it Theatre Revolt, likening it to psychedelic drama.

The Truth About Bob Dylan

A group known as TACT (Truth About Civil Turmoil) has a new theory about the origin and prominence of Bob Dylan, according to an article in the Berkeley Barb. A filmstrip titled "The Hippies," with taped sound accompaniment, was presented to members of TACT two weeks ago by Los Angeles advertising executive Ken Granger. Granger edited and wrote the script for the filmstrip which contains a segment on Bob Dylan.

"Bob Dylan, according to CBS Vice President Clyde Davis, is the leading cultural force among young people today. This is the same Bob Dylan whose recording 'The Times Are Changin'

made questioning the American concept of standards the 'in' thing to do, and 'Rainy Day Woman' (which any junkie knows is a marijuana cigarette) are best-sellers with hundreds of thousands of young record buyers.

"Bob Dylan was an obscure songwriter," Granger's script continues "until he signed a contract at Columbia Records. The man responsible for Dylan's contract at Columbia was John Hammond. It isn't surprising that John Hammond would be interested in Dylan's brand of culture for Mr. Hammond, according to official United States Government records, has made himself a party to at least seven Communist fronts."

Beatles OK Maharishi Film

The Beatles have authorized ABC-TV to film their studies with the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. The one-hour documentary will be shot when and if the Beatles go to the Academy of Meditation in Shankaracharya Nagar, in the Indian Himalayas.

Paul Horn, a former student at the academy, will compose and

conduct the score, act as spokesman for the Maharishi and co-produce the film with Jimmy Baker.

ABC was chosen over other organizations, both foreign and domestic, because of "ABC's insight and empathy towards the project." The special is scheduled for airing in early '68.

Michael Chechick to New York

KMPX disc jockey Michael Chechick has been named West Coast representative for Vanguard Records. Before opening a West Coast office Mike is going

to New York for six months to learn more about production. In New York he will work on a new Otis Rush album with veteran producer Samuel Charters.



JOHN GRAY AND LONG HAIR: THE HEAT'S ON IN DENVER

DENVER, COLORADO

The heat's on in Denver. Led by Detective John Gray, well-known as the "Wyatt Earp of the West" and for his promise, "I'm going to rid Denver of all long-haired people," the city's narcotics officers are apparently conducting a concerted bust and hassle program to stifle a growing scene.

The best known and most recent victim has been Canned Heat, a Los Angeles rock and roll band playing at the Family Dog Ballroom. They were jailed in late October on what they say were trumped-up dope charges. There have been others.

Denver has had a small but active hip scene ever since Beat days, centering around 17th Avenue in the Capitol Hill area of the city. Until two months ago it was growing slowly. Then the city government, panicked by rumors that the Haight-Ashbury scene was breaking up and that Denver would be the hippies' next stop, decided to clamp down. Detective Gray, sources say, has made the clamping down a personal vendetta.

Since then, according to Harry Taft, manager of the Denver Folklore Center, there have been hundreds of busts for vagrancy, hitchhiking, curfew violations, not carrying ID's and, of course, marijuana.

"With the cold weather, just starting now, the scene and the police activity will shrink," Taft said, "but things are still tight. The cops have really hurt us. With Gray putting the heat on, no one knows who they can trust."

The Canned Heat bust began Saturday night, October 21, when detectives, armed with a warrant, searched the motel room of lead singer Bob Hite, lead guitarist Henry Vestine, and bassist Larry Taylor, and found five joints. Without a further warrant, they went on to the adjoining room of drummer Frank Cook and the group's manager, Skip Taylor.

"They just came into our room while we were both in bed watching television and one said 'Hello, I'm Detective Gray and we've just arrested the rest of your group,'" explained Cook.

"They didn't show us a warrant and they just started searching the room." Gray put his hand

in his pocket, walked over to a coffee table, removed his hand from his pocket and reached down retrieving a piece of hashish, according to Frank. "Then he picked up one of our manager's shoes and walked into the bathroom, shut the door and came out with a bag of marijuana in the shoe. This was done while we were screaming at them to get out of our room."

Canned Heat was hauled off to jail after the search. A judge was not available to set their bail until Monday. So the group spent the weekend in the can. Bassist Larry Taylor was thrown in a tank with 50 drunks, with no sleeping facilities. Bail was set at \$25,000.

The United Press mentioned that along with marijuana a .22 caliber rifle had been confiscated from the group. "They might as well have said that we also had a razor and shaving cream," Frank emphasized, "after all you can buy those things in Denver across the counter as easily as you can buy a gun. And why didn't the papers say that we had fishing equipment and that we were going to the mountains on Sunday?"

"It's frightening to be a victim of a plot," said Cook. He insists that no member of the group was holding any grass while in Denver. They suspect a plant because the five joints found in Hite's room were lodged in the side of a chair and the officers went straight to it.

Gray's anti-hippie crusade had earlier brought about the issuance of a restraining order against him after the Family Dog in Denver had complained of his actions on previous weekends.

Gray often searched and checked I.D.'s of everyone waiting outside the Dog's ballroom. He continued this illegal search and harassment within the ballroom. Finally to save further harassment ballroom manager Tony Gilrey had the restraining order issued. Gray broke the order and re-entered the Family Dog's premises.

"People used to come to Denver for the mountains, the fresh air, and for the free, open feeling it had," said Taft, "the mountains are still here, but the friendly feeling is gone. It just isn't a place you'd want to go to any more."



JOANIE GOES TO JAIL AGAIN

"It was one of the best things I've done in my life. I will probably do it again," said Joan Baez as she walked out of jail.

Joan was arrested on Oct. 16 along with 123 other demonstrators as they attempted to block the entrances to the Armed

Forces Induction Center in Oakland, California. The demonstration was the first of the massive End the Draft Week action across the country.

With her at the time of the arrests were her sister Mimi Farina, her mother, Jean Baez, and Sandperl. All were sentenced to 10 days in the Alameda County prison at Santa Rita. Joan told the court before she was sentenced, "Something is disastrously wrong when our nation pursues an unjust war."

"Young boys are being asked to fight and die. We are repeating the errors of yesterday when we try to solve our problems by killing. This will lead to the Third World War."



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FLASHES:

Chad and Jeremy Make A Call

"We realized we had been making Muzak records," said Chad Stuart, formerly just Chad of Chad and Jeremy. "That is why we haven't released anything in a year. Jeremy and I were going to split up because of the trash records that we had produced."

Chad Stuart and Jeremy Clyde called last week to tell us about their new album *Of Cabbages And Kings*. To them their new Columbia LP has authenticity because for the first time they are doing what they want to do. This is their beginning in a new direction.

"We entered the music busi-

ness quite accidentally. And we found ourselves, when we moved to Los Angeles, molded into an image and found we were becoming overly concerned with money. But we've decided not to waste any more time," said Chad.

"You may hate our work on this album," continued Jeremy, "but the conception is good. It's not always successful, perhaps naive, pretentious and repetitious in parts, but we have tried to create."

"This album is the first of a progression of new LP's. It's not artificial. It is very pure," said Chad.

Resurrection of Pig Boy Crabshaw

The Resurrection of Pig Boy Crabshaw is the tentative title of the new Paul Butterfield Blues Band album. The title is the nickname of lead guitarist Elvin by Bishop.

"Butterfield sings better than you've ever heard," says Paul Rothchild, an Elektra Records producer. Almost all the material on the album is original. Three cuts are five minutes long fea-

turing a lot of lead guitar work by Bishop.

The original release date for the album was early November, however, due to production delays, the LP has been put back until the end of this month for distribution. In the meantime Elektra has put out a Butterfield single, "Run Out of Time" b/w "One More Heartache." (See Single Reviews, Page 20.)

'Free Show' For A Little Bread

A "free" concert will be presented at the Cow Palace in San Francisco on November 18 by Warner Brothers, MGM, and White Front Stores — free if you buy one of their records. Admission is the price of one stereo album purchased at any White Front store on the sponsors' labels.

Featured on the show will be the Association, Eric Burdon and the Animals, the Everly Bros., the Sopwith Camel, the Sunshine Co., and the Who. If the White Front Music Festival proves successful on the West Coast, similar concerts will be held in all major cities across the United States.

Wildflower, Judy Collins' New LP

Judy Collins' new album, *Wildflower* will be a considerable change for the versatile folk singer. For the first time she has written her own material for a record. The album will feature three of her original songs. There will be a great deal of orchestration involved in her arrangements. On one cut she is backed by a 46-piece orchestra.

The album also features new songs by Canadian poet and novelist Leonard Cohen, "Sisters of Mercy" and "Priests" and some new tunes by a friend of Judy's, a young Canadian composer, Joan Mitchell. The album also includes a Jacques Brel song which Judy sings in French. *Wildflower* will be out at the end of November.

Rosko Back—With the WNEW Girls

Bill "Rosko" Mercer has been hired by WNEW-FM in New York following his on-the-air resignation from WOR-FM. WNEW-FM's all female staff will continue their musak programming during the day. Rosko will use

his progressive rock format on the 7:00 to midnight show. Rosko's unexpected availability prompted the updating of a format change already planned at WNEW-FM.

Northern Lights Signs

The Northern Lights, who have been poor and starving for the last year, have signed their first recording contract. The company is RCA Victor. Word has drifted out via a few record trade peo-

ple who had a chance to hear the group in New York, that they are quite good. Bass player in the group is Skip Boone, brother of Steve Boone of The Lovin' Spoonful.

Best of '67--A Fraud

An album titled *The Best of '67*, featuring hits by the Doors, The Beatles, The Monkees and many other artists is a fraud. The bogus album, priced at \$1.79, was pressed in New York and was distributed in that city and released on a phony L.A. label.

New York police have arrested a counterfeit record dealer in Greenwich Village who was selling the LP. A warrant was subsequently issued for the arrest of Larry Gutenplan, allegedly the distributor.



USA'S HOTTEST NEW 45 RPM: LETTER TO A TEENAGE SON

BY BOB O'LEAR

The hottest record in the country — not the Monkees, not "In-cense and Peppermint," not the "San Francisco Sound" nor even the Beatles—is a non-musical offering by two middle-aged advertising executives from Grand Rapids, Michigan.

It's called "An Open Letter To My Teenage Son," recorded by Victor Lundgren, and written by his partner in their Grand Rapids advertising agency, Robert Thompson. And the pop radio scene, from all indications, hasn't had anything like it since "Ballad of the Green Berets" a few seasons back, and perhaps nothing like it ever.

"This recording has caused the biggest response I have seen in my seven years in radio, with the possible exception of the initial Beatles' recordings," says Les Turpin, program director at KFRC in San Francisco.

"It's really fantastic," Turpin continued. "Four days after we began playing it, we are still getting more requests for this one record than our entire top ten combined."

The San Francisco reaction seems in order with other areas as well. Chicago was the first major market to launch "Letter" on the world, with KHJ in Los Angeles quickly following. Within three days, the combined orders from the two cities were 70,000 records.

KFRC followed its sister station in Los Angeles by one day. Within four days, the San Francisco distributor had received 15,000 advance orders (bigger, incidentally, than the last Stones' or Mamas and Papas' singles, handled by the same distributor).

"It's based on a letter I wrote to my 17-year old son," explains the author, Robert Thompson. "I wrote the letter back in June as a, more or less, series of written discussions we were having. There was certainly no intention of using it for anything else."

"When Victor (Lundgren) read it, he suggested we record it just to play for some friends," Thompson related in a phone conversation. "It was so well received by our friends that it was suggested we do something further with it."

However, it wasn't until about a month later that Lundgren contacted a friend of his, Jerry La Coursiere, a district manager for Liberty Records in Atlanta.

"Jerry was so enthusiastic when we played it on the phone for him, that he insisted we mail it to Liberty immediately," Thompson said, still somewhat surprised at the overwhelming acceptance, by the American public, of his private utterances to his son. "I never once expected anything to come of all this." Of less than this is the stuff from which stars are born.

Among the things that have "come of all this," aside from the obvious commercial success, is the kind of response hearing "Open Letter" elicits. A Los Angeles school principal called KHJ to request the time it would next be played so he could have it piped into all his classrooms. More than one minister has requested the text so that they might use it as a basis for a Sunday sermon. A San Francisco office manager (of the American Automobile Association) asked the time of its next airing, so that he might have his entire office personnel gathered around the radio.

There's been some negative comment too, but nothing much to speak of. KFRC reports about 95 per cent positive response. In Los Angeles, the figure is a little lower, about 90 per cent.

Of particular joy to the Top-40 stations, has been the large number of adult calls. "Most of the callers are not using our usual 'hot line' for their calls," Turpin emphasized. "At least not at first. Since we have been playing it for a few days, they seem to be coming more aware of the

direct line to the disc jockeys." The dee jays still seem somewhat surprised to pick up the "hot line" and find an adult voice on the other end.

Even more surprising to Turpin is the number of letters praising and requesting copies of "Teenage Son." "I have never seen this kind of mail response on any record."

The popularity of the record dictated an every-two hours' playing policy initially. "However, this kind of record," KFRC's librarian, Lyn Dahl, said, in what could be an understatement of monumental proportions, "can quickly become an instant tune-out. So we have limited its air play and are keeping a close watch on it for dwindling response." So far, at least not in San Francisco or Los Angeles, that time has not yet arrived.

Miss Dahl emphasized that the playing of the record, in no way, constitutes advocacy of its editorial content. "In fact, we have a taped disclaimer that precedes and follows each playing."

"KFRC radio presents 'An Open Letter To My Teenage Son,' narrated by Victor Lundgren. We do not ask you to agree with, or disagree with, this record, but merely to contemplate its message. Our purpose will be served if you will but stop and think."

After the record:

"'An Open Letter To My Teenage Son,' narrated by Victor Lundgren. KFRC radio will rebroadcast this record in two hours to give everyone an opportunity to hear it for themselves, for whatever your opinion of its message, we feel it must be heard."

The so-called disclaimer serves about the same purpose as the record itself. If you haven't heard, here are the lyrics to the last part of the record, a lengthy vocal, spoken against the background of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

"You ask my opinion of draft card burners. I would answer this

way. All past wars have been dirty, unfair, immoral, bloody and second guessed; however, history has shown most of them necessary. If you doubt that our free enterprise system in the United States is worth protecting; if you doubt the principles upon which this country was founded; that we remain free to choose our religion, our individual endeavors, our method of government; if you doubt that each free individual in this great country should reap awards commensurate only with his own efforts, then it's doubtful you belong here. If you doubt that people to govern us should be selected by their desire to allow us to strive for any goal we feel capable of attaining, then it's doubtful you should participate in their selection. If you are not grateful to a country that gave your father the opportunity to work for his family, to give you the things you've had, and you do not feel pride enough to fight for your right to continue in this manner, then I assume the blame for your failure to recognize the true value of our birth right. And I would remind you that your Mother will love you no matter what you do because she is a woman. And I love you too, son, but I also love our country and the principles for which we stand. And if you decide to burn your draft card, then burn your birth certificate at the same time. From that moment on I have no son."

There is a "flip side" to "My Teenage Son." It's Thompson's first, strictly creative, for recording only, effort, "My Buddy Carl." After only one hearing, all that can be said is that it has something to do with race relations. Thompson wrote it when "Liberty said we needed a flip side."

What's next for the team of Lundgren and Thompson? "Liberty is after us for an album. But I only have a vague idea on what we will do," Thompson concluded. We'll wait.

A POP SUCCESS STORY: BEE GEE'S GET A ROLLS



LONDON

"We'd like to bring back some of the glamor that's gone out of pop," says Barry Gibb of the Bee Gees, the group which Brian Epstein took on shortly before his death. The Bee Gees, whom some people have compared to the Beatles, had four hits in rapid succession: "New York Mining Disaster," "To Love Somebody," "Holiday," and "Massachusetts."

"I think that the visual impression given by a group on stage is

perhaps more important in some ways than the sound they are laying down," Barry continues. "We believe that a pop group is essentially an entertainment. I dig the blues groups, but I think they are more classable as musicians."

"It's not enough to go on stage and just play the music. We have to project something that's entertaining visually and musically to earn our wages. We spend a long time before a gig deciding what to wear because we are concerned to give a good show for an audience who've paid, and so that we can go back there again. A lot of groups talk to each other, have private jokes on stage—that sort of thing. But once you start cutting the audience out, they'll cut you out too."

The Bee Gees are currently planning an American tour for early next year. It will be a three week schedule beginning in Los Angeles.

Meanwhile the group is riding high in London. Last week "Massachusetts" was number one, and they ironed out their difficulties with British Immigration authorities.

The Home Office, which has
—Continued on next page



PERSPECTIVES: LIKE ZALLY, WE ARE ALL VICTIMS

BY RALPH J. GLEASON

The biggest underground cancer in the rock scene this past year has been the *Lovin' Spoonful* situation.

As has been perfectly clear from the beginning, Steve Boone and Zal Yanovsky were busted in San Francisco over a year ago for pot. Testimony in court later revealed that they had made a deal with a San Francisco narcotics squad officer to "cooperate" and in the course of that cooperation, they had made a buy (according to narks' testimony) from a San Franciscan whom they did not know but who had been introduced to them by a mutual friend. The buy caused an arrest. Boone and Yanovsky left town free and the Spoonful was blacklisted by the underground for setting up a pot bust.

In subsequent developments, the Spoonful wouldn't appear in the San Francisco area because of fear of a court subpoena and a mysterious package of \$2500 in cash was delivered to the San Franciscan who got busted, for his defense.

He, in turn, xeroxed copies of the court testimony which disclosed the arrangements between the cops and the Spoonful and sent them to underground papers and other press ("I don't want to hurt anybody," he told me, "but . . .") and eventually Steve Boone copped out to a Boston reporter that it had all been a terrible mistake, he had been pressured into it and both he and Zal had made affidavits which, it is hoped, will get the San Franciscan off the hook. He's still fighting it in the courts, incidentally.

During the course of the miserable story, a full page in the L.A. Free Press was bought as an ad by somebody, urging people not to buy Spoonful records and not to attend their concerts and, to the girls, not to ball them. It didn't say anything about guys balling them.

Zal eventually quit the group, there were hard rumors of all sorts of tensions and Steve Boone was obviously greatly upset.

At the Monterey Pop Festival, Cass Elliot commented that

people had urged her not to talk to Zally. "He's one of my best friends," she yelled. "That's ridiculous."

The pressures were very strong and the issue was drawn with great poses of morality and righteousness.

There's a lot to be said about this. For one thing, if the reassessment of the entire social structure of the world which is implied in the whole rock generation means anything, it means that understanding and compassion are essential to life and that flat-out judgments are useless no matter who makes them.

Zal is a Canadian citizen. He could have been thrown out of the country if that bust had stuck. That's one thing. God knows what other pressures were brought to bear. And I do not condone fingering someone either. It was a terrible, tragic thing and in some ways the ones hurt the most were Zal and Steve.

But if the Spoonful makes a new album, I will buy it and I will listen to their songs and I will go to see them and I will hope and do hope that their music grows and flourishes. It has been a very great thing and their contribution has been huge and the pleasure they have given has been immeasurable. Do you believe in the magic? Really? Then it seems to me that the only thing to do is forgive and try to forget.

"Shove that hot lead up my ass and I'll name everybody," Lenny Bruce said once. That's reality. If they put YOU in a cell and belt your head around with saps and third degree you—psychologically or physically, it's the same thing—will YOU hold your mud?

When I heard the Spoonful news, I was shocked and saddened. When I saw what was going down, it became worse. There is no morality to it, in a righteous sense. It happened. It was bad. Nobody will defend it and nothing is either-or any more. Or is it?

We are all one. If what Zal and Steve did is a sin, then it is our sin, too. They are victims, just as the man who was fingered is a victim. Just as we are all victims.

Do we REALLY want to be selling postcards of the hanging?

Cont. from preceding page—given other foreign rock and roll stars trouble in the past, had ruled that the two Australian members of the Bee Gees, guitarist Vince Melouney and drummer Colin Peterson, would have to leave Britain by November 30th, when their work permits expired. Their agent, Robert Stigwood of NEMS, presented a detailed account of the group's dollar earnings, amounting to over a million dollars this year,

to British Home Secretary Roy Jenkins, and Jenkins himself took the decision not to expel a group "so valuable in the balance of payments crisis."

"Massachusetts" is the Bee Gees' second big hit in Britain. "New York Mining Disaster" had a little action, but "To Love Somebody" flopped miserably.

"It didn't bring us down, though," says Barry. "It made us determined to do better with the next one. We were undecided amongst ourselves about 'Massa-

chusetts.' We thought it might be a bit too country and western for the pop market. But it was picked as the best single from eight tracks by the staff at NEMS, so we released it."

Now they're glad they did. The record has enabled them to fulfill two of their great ambitions: to have a British number one ("our dream for years"), and to own a Rolls Royce. They bought a 1954 black model with black windows, built-in tape recorder, and a chauffeur.

"We've wanted one for as long as we can remember," says Maurice Gibb. "Now we've got it, I don't care if it never moves out of the garage. We've got one . . . that's all that matters."

The group plans a three week British tour in March, for which they'll combine forces with a 30-piece orchestra and twenty-five "extras," who will be acting out numbers and dancing; a two-week package in Australia, and the American tour.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BARON WOLMAN

ILLUMINATING McNEAR'S BEACH BY CAMEL LIGHT: 2000 HEAR ROCK BANDS AT SYNANON CONCERT

A good feeling circulated throughout the crowds on both days at the Synanon and Marin Youth Clubs benefit. It was held at the Peacock Gap Country Club at McNear's Beach in San Rafael, California, from noon to dark on October 28th and 29th. And, if the weather had been warmer all in attendance could have gone swimming in the pool. If you brought the family, the children could occupy themselves at the club's playground. In short, it resembled a gigantic family picnic.

Large crowds filled the club grounds on both days—near 2,000 on Saturday and many more on Sunday. Saturday's bill featured Big Brother and The Holding Co., The Youngbloods, The Vince Guaraldi Trio, The Sopwith Camel, The Cycle, and Tom and Lee; and on Sunday two jazz groups, The Chris Ibanez Trio and The George Duke Trio, were added to the line-up. The audiences on both days were equally responsive to all entertainers. The enthusiasm was so great on Sunday that the crowd stayed til after

dark, even though they were unable to see the group that was playing—The Sopwith Camel. The Camel solved the darkness problem, however, by turning the lights of their ambulance on and directing them at the stage.

"The benefit takes on greater importance because for the first time jazz groups were mixed with rock groups," said KMPX disc jockey Ed Hebb, "And the audiences applauded every group that appeared; they were very enthusiastic." This indicates an apprecia-

tion for both musical forms by the primarily rock oriented audiences. Maybe the barrier of prejudice between jazz and rock musicians is finally breaking down; if the audiences can hear, maybe the musicians can too. No one can overlook good music.

Synanon and the Marin Youth Clubs hope to present several more benefits of this nature out at McNear's Beach. Maybe if the lighting situation can be corrected the concerts can last a little longer.



THE ROLLING STONE INTERVIEW:



DONOVAN

Donovan is currently on a tour of the United States which ends this month. Between engagements in various cities he has been staying at a rented house on Malibu Beach in Southern California.

Our Los Angeles Correspondent, John Carpenter, met Donovan at a party held in the Malibu house in late October. A few days later Donovan and Carpenter sat down and taped the only lengthy interview that Donovan intends to give during his American tour.

This is the second part of that interview. (Part One was printed in the first issue.) During a break in the taping, Donovan's manager, Ashley Kosack, joined the discussion and his remarks here are indicated by "M." Donovan's answers are marked "A."

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Q. Could you tell us a little bit about the cities you hit so far?

M. Well we played most of the cities on the West Coast and the reaction has been truly fantastic.

Q. What happened in San Francisco? I keep hearing about girls throwing flowers.

M. Donovan was standing there and suddenly kids emerged, very calmly, and threw trinkets at Don's feet. The hassle came with the police themselves. They got a little bit excited, so I had to calm them down.

Q. How did you do that?

M. I just told them to leave the kids alone because Don had got it fully under control. The whole thing. Which he had.

Q. You were telling me the other day about Seattle. You beckoned the kids forward and they just walked up, no noise or anything.

M. In fact, a lot of the kids took their shoes and sandals off so that it would be very quiet. They all walked across the floor and sat down. Very peaceful, you know.

Q. Do you find that pretty common at your concerts?

M. Yes, everywhere we've gone, right through Europe, Don has been spreading peace to everybody. This is our second phase. We saw this coming two years ago. After this we go to the third phase when we're going to put the whole thing over, and take over.

Q. You and Ken Kesey.

M. Take over the world. Right. We don't want to take over, we just want to bring some beauty.

A. Take over their hearts anyway.

M. We've got the second phase now, in which we're going to bring out the double album—a

children's album and a teenage album. It's all been mapped out beautifully. It's a beautiful album, the double one, and a new single. Next year we start on a major film which Don has written.

Q. What about the TV show you're filming partly from concerts.

M. While we're here we are filming a special which we will present in America sometime next year.

A. It will just be—what we were talking about—it will just be a reaction. You'll see, oh, I don't know, probably thousands of kids, or half a million or nearly a million we'll be playing to. You'll see the response of that amount of youth to me, and that's what we want to show on the TV show along with all the other little things I got up to, things that happen. But it will be nice in comparison to Dylan's film; to show how beautiful it could be.

Q. I got a very speedy thing about that film.

M. Well the whole thing is very speedy. He's a beautiful cat, but it's just, you know, he's involved with a lot of people. He gives off tensions instead of peace. Don and I went to see him a few times.

A. The only thing I remember about his film is when I was in it, you know, that part. But it will be beautiful to show this thing—this reaction of America's youth to someone who's just hinting at what life could be.

Q. When the Airplane was at the Hollywood Bowl, there was all this yelling and jumping up and down on stage. 'Grace sing this, and, Grace sing that.' They did that to you right in the beginning. You shushed into the microphone. It knocked me off my chair when it worked.

A. Well if you don't do that, then they keep doing it. If you say 'hush,' then you're asking for something: they have to choose whether they want to be noisy or want to be quiet, and the choice is usually quiet.

M. But I think it's more than that, it's the words he chooses to say to them which is so beautiful; it's the thing he gives off stage to them, by his eyes and the whole being. There's a certain magic that he's got which is inborn and bred.

A. And all these little things like hint at a way of life. This major film I write will be the best fairy tale they've ever seen, a tale of singing like a musical tale, a very long epic thing, epic, epic epic everything, fantastic. And small tiny tiny's and me, and

we show this beautiful land, and when it's finished this production, it'll be fantastic. Really amazing.

Q. Are you going to film it in Scotland?

A. We'll be filming it in lots of places, primarily England, where there's an ancient feeling to the land anyway, where there's many, many castles built on hills, majestic, ancient things. This'll be a beautiful tale, by the time I've finished it.

Q. Do you come from a family of seamen?

A. Probably, probably. I wanted to look back but it takes a while to look back.

Q. How did you and Donovan meet?

A. (singing): As I recall it the sun was high.

M. What happened was that I had an artist called Sian Phillips, an American girl, and the people that Don ran with and we met. Don was having a little hassle at the time, and it was just meant to be, you know. And it's been the most beautiful relationship I have ever had.

A. It's the first one in the music business that's ever been right.

M. You know everything is very close. We see it all so clear together and it's not marriage of artists—it's not like that at all. There's four people really involved. There's Don, Gypsy, Anita (who is my wife) and I.

A. It's like the Beatles, the four Beatles, making a cross for strength. It's been really beautiful.

Q. Can you tell us a little about Gypsy?

A. He's of a travelling kind. Maybe he's blood. His bone structure looks gypsy, but it's a nickname for him. He's been in this whole travelling scene. This is pre-Kerouac. This is just bumming. Hard travelling, Guthrie hard travelling people. And we all just bummed around, hitchhiked around, lived rough for a while. Very basic. Fantastic painter. He's the basis, like Ringo is the weight of the Beatles. He's the anchor. Gypsy's the anchor here. While I'm away in the clouds dreaming, he's very solid. It's a great arrangement.

M. Gypsy paints the most beautiful paintings. He's also written a children's book. Crazy, crazy, crazy guy. He writes beautiful poems.

A. Like an Anthony Quinn rendering of a Zorba. Really rough, fantastic soul. He has this religious thing. You look at him and you can imagine that you see a saint. That's how it is. He's got fantastic will, and he exercises it as well to perform tiny miracles, like growing hair back on someone's head.

M. Right. I was losing my hair, so Gypsy placed his hands on my head and got really into a thing. I could feel the vibrations from his hand. The next day—this is no BS—the next day it started to grow, and it's been growing ever since.

Q. If you want to grow your hair, get in touch with Gypsy Dave. You're going to Montreal and Toronto after you leave the States and then you're going back to England. After that are you going to rest for a while?

A. Yeah. We'll pick up Gypsy and go to India.

Q. You just spent three days with Maharishi in Los Angeles. What's he like?

A. Yeah, a few days. He's a great guy, and there's a lot of speculation about whether he's just another one but the thing is

I wouldn't even speak with him if he wasn't simple. I met the man and I saw him and I knew that he was what I instinctively knew was a holy man. Basically, in me, without putting it through the process of thought even, I knew that this man was the one that was direct. He keeps saying it's such a timely thing. And it is. He doesn't let on but he knows that he came here for a purpose. He got the Beatles and sent them to India. He's straightening everybody out. All the major powers. People will say 'Oh what a lot of bullshit,' and so it's up to you; but believe me, he's the one.

M. Well what happened was he never heard the Beatles' music or the Rolling Stones' music or any of that stuff, and then Don took the guitar and played. His whole face changed and he looked at Don...

A. It's beautiful. He said I bring him joy, and he brings me joy by saying that. He says the music is of a transcendental nature which his meditation's about, which I knew anyway and we were initiated. What I needed and actually need is a discipline of tradition which is lacking in our civilization. Discipline of tradition and the ceremony of humbleness. He wrote it for me, you know, the meditation, which is diving into the well of me (that I know is there anyway. And I knew I had to go in there sometime. But I'm young—I wasn't worried).

Q. The Beatles and Mick Jagger are studying under him. Do you believe that it will be a positive influence, in that a lot of people will be at least curious about it and listen to what the man has to say?

M. The thing is that a lot of people are getting interested—not 100 percent, maybe 50 percent are really digging what he is talking about; the other 50 percent think it's a new fad.

A. See, another thing is it's going to be a fantastic influence on all the writers he's speaking with. But it's not the influence of a change. He's not going to change them from how they feel anyway. He's just going to heighten their intensity, he's just going to polish it up. See, the thing was that five years have gone and only one group has passed out soft so that even the standards haven't come out yet. Only one group has come out soft and that's the Beatles. They come from another thing, folk songs, that's another thing, but out of all that pop music there's only one that graded through, the rest have all been jangling, and now there's the next direction. And now there's a new move, a new direction, and that's why the Maharishi has come over to straighten everybody out, cool everybody out, get everybody off the drugs, and 'let's do it,' you know.

M. A funny thing happened: I don't know how true this is—there was a group came to see the Maharishi called the Grateful Dead and...

A. So he changed their name to Eternal Life. He says we don't have any dead men singing on earth, they only sing in heaven. So now they're called the Eternal Lives.

Q. Thank you for spreading a little more magic.

THAT'S ALL FOLKS! If you missed the first part, send us a quarter (25¢) and we'll send you the first issue of ROLLING STONE with the first part of Donovan's interview.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RAY HACKETT



JAMES BROWN IN PARIS: SOCK IT A MOI

BY JONATHAN COTT

PARIS
Your reporter disembarked from the Queen Mary — the penultimate voyage: the Beachcomber jukebox played "Land of 1000 Dances" to French-speaking Sweet Briar girls, while friends met friends in the Smoker's Room listening to Schubert's Ninth during High Tea. I got

drenched coming off the boat, so I flew to Paris — the nicest time of the year, everyone coming back or going away, NLF newspaper girls on the Rue de Seine where two British boys offered something special from Fez, but whom can you trust? (In Paris and London, the cops can frisk you on the street without a warrant.) The sun was shining, so I slipped into the shade to see

two wonderful films: Godard's *La Chinoise* and Bunuel's *Belle de Jour*, the Living Theater's *Mysteries* production and the James Brown Show at the Olympia.

I wish I had saved *Le Monde's* review of "Monsieur Dynamite" — describing Brown with words such as *glittering, trembling, angular*, the point being that the James Brown Show — almost sold-out for its two-week run — is part laser beam, part hypertense machine. And so it is. The show is as stylized as it lacks what used to be called "shared spontaneity" between performer and audience. It's the same kind of show James Brown presents in Oakland, Winterland, Madison Square Garden. But the French audiences sit tight-lipped, tied and elegant, as French TV cameras quietly tape the concert.

The whole stage is wound up. The Famous Flames sing and dance robot-style, the musicians glide around, and the three J.B. girls, high on the altar, sock it to themselves. The lights, purple and white; the strobe effects, self-consciously and wonderfully timed. It's like an organism working at peak energy — at least for the second half of the two-and-a-half hour concert — and at the body's center is that beautifully boyish compromise of heart and phallus.

James Brown sings "Prisoner of Love" for twenty minutes, falls

to the ground as if in Satanic prayer, whispering "My hands are soaking wet... My face is bathed in sweat," rushes into "Break Out in a Cold Sweat" with that song's fantastic rhythmic suspensions, and keeps the *uhugs uhugs* going until he collapses again, the Flames bedizen him with lame, sable, organdy capes, James Brown flings them off, keeps it up some more, more capes, he throws his cuff links to the audience, shakes hands with the boys in the first row, dances off stage.

Everything is interiorized, narcissistic at the edge, if you want to labor the point. It's not that Black people aren't around to respond — as in fact they aren't at the Olympia — but that James Brown does all the work. He embodies followers, preacher, and church. And in the extraordinary "Prisoner of Love" section, he gives his body to Love. I suppose the audience protects itself with its detached magnetic field, but the point is that there is no need for protection. As James Brown says in his one French sentence, "Mon coeur est avec vous," but everyone knows he keeps it locked up as he offers himself to, and up to, an imaginary space of faces and cameras.

Instead of coming to London for a series of booked appearances, James Brown flew back to New York City, suffering from "nervous exhaustion."

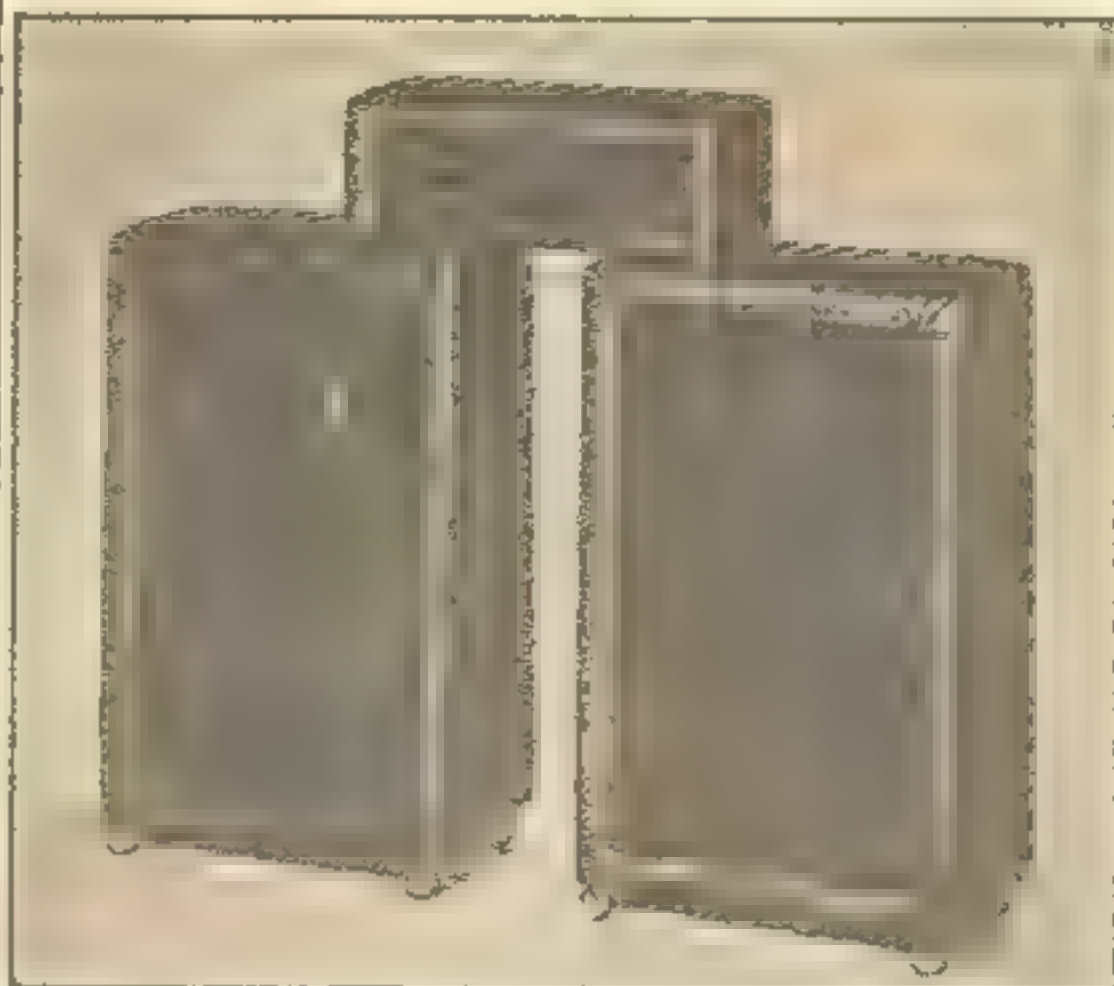
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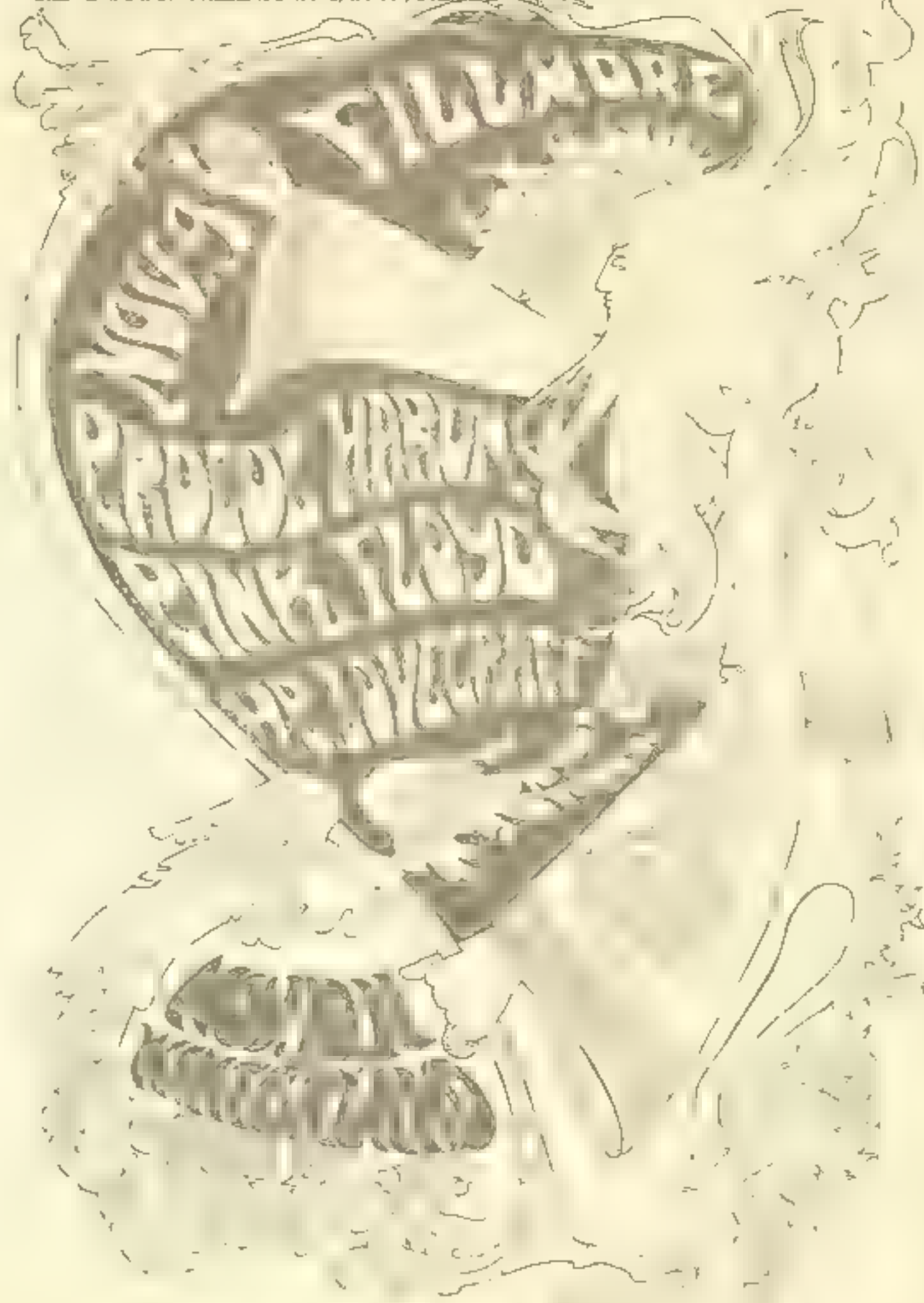
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TICKETS



'A ROTTING CORPSE, STINKING UP THE AIRWAYS ...'

BY TOM DONAHUE

Tom Donahue, seated in the middle of the picture above with Rachel (holding a mace with ball and chain) on his lap, is currently the program director of KMPX-FM in San Francisco. Donahue began his radio career in 1948 at WTIT in Charleston, West Virginia. From there he went to disc jockey spots in Washington, D.C. and Philadelphia. In 1961 he joined the staff of KYA in San Francisco as "Big Daddy Tom Donahue," stayed on for three years during which period he became the "dirty old man" of Top-40.

Donahue forsook his lowdown ways, formed a record label, signed the Great Society, of which Grace Slick was then a member, presented several rock and roll concerts, including the Beatles show at Candlestick Park. For a number of reasons he forsook all that too. Here are his views of the current radio scene.

For the past six months KMPX in San Francisco has been conducting a highly successful experiment in a new kind of contemporary music programming. It is a format that embraces the best of today's rock and roll, folk, traditional and city blues, raga, electronic music, and some jazz and classical selections. I be-

lieve that music should not be treated as a group of objects to be sorted out like eggs with each category kept rigidly apart from the others, and it is exciting to discover that there is a large audience that shares that premise.

Allen Freed is generally acknowledged to have been the first rock and roll disc jockey. He started in Cleveland, where he was known as Moondog, and later took his show to WINS in New York, where he gained national prominence which was to end in the payola probe of 1960. In the mid-fifties a number of chain broadcasters initiated what we know today as Top-40 radio programming.

As a rigidly formatted presentation of popular music, it proved extremely successful for a chain of stations in the Midwest owned by Tod Storz, and those in the Midwest and South operated by the Plough Corporation, a Southern pharmaceutical house.

The spectacularly successful concept of Top-40 radio spread quickly from city to city and almost overnight rock and roll music became an industry as record sales boomed. The stations were replete with jingles, sirens and explosions introducing the news and disc jockeys who worked at a frantic pace and never, never lost their jollity. Generally, the stations played about 100 current records, but otherwise the format was almost identical

to what is heard today in every city in the nation.

Ten years later, the biggest deterrent to the progress, expansion, and success of contemporary music is that same so-called Top-40 radio.

Once Top-40 stations dominated almost every radio market in the country. Now their audience and their ratings have been on a steady decline for the past three years, during a period of time when the music itself is gaining ever increasing acceptance, as indicated by its sales popularity, the ballroom scenes all over the country, and the fact that rock entertainers are now an integral part of many variety entertainment programs on television.

The music has matured, the audience has matured, but radio has apparently proven to be a retarded child. Where once Top-40 radio reflected the taste of its audience, today it attempts to dictate it, and in the process has alienated its once loyal army of listeners.

There was a period when the so-called rock stations carefully scanned the sales figures from local record stores and made an attempt to play the records the public was buying. This theory in itself was partially invalid, since it was based on the idea that people only wanted to hear what they could buy. What they bought were popular 45's. Three or four months after a record was

a hit, they could purchase an LP that contained one or two of the group's hits and ten other songs that had failed to gain public acceptance as singles or had been hastily recorded to fill up an LP.

As time passed, the period between the release of a single and the release of an LP grew shorter, since companies found that if they waited three or four months their material might be 'covered' by other groups, such as the Ventures, who had a string of Top Ten LPs covering other people's hits.

Then came the Beatles, whose explosive success changed the record scene, the radio scene, and, in many ways, changed the world. At KYA, where I was working at the time, we found ourselves playing six, eight, twelve Beatle cuts out of the fifty or so records we were playing on the air. There was a period of three or four months when the Beatles constituted about 25% of all the music being played on Top-40 radio stations. For the first time, Top-40 stations were playing cuts from LPs.

By the spring of 1965, American groups like the Byrds, following the example of the Beatles, were putting out LPs that were carefully produced from start to finish. Twelve polished cuts—no rejects, no fillers,

—Continued on next page

—Cont. from preceding page
no junk. The sale of LP's began to rival the sale of singles. When faced with the fact that the Byrds' LP, or the new Bob Dylan album was outselling the single records on their play lists, in most cases Top-40 programmers chose to ignore them rather than attempting to determine cuts to play.

To select cuts from an LP for airing on a Top-40 station meant making independent decisions, reflecting taste and a good ear—attributes that are sadly lacking in most radio programmers and station managements. (Many of the current programmers have risen to their positions through their success in sales rather than their programming or musical background.)

As a result, the bulk of the popular music radio programming in this country today is devoted to absurd jingles that in their content are almost totally divorced from the kind of music the stations are playing, babbling hysterical disc jockeys who are trying to cram into a ten to fifteen second period the inane slogans that the program director has posted on the studio wall. The tempo is go! go! go!, the air is replete with such blather as "here comes another twin spin sound sandwich" and "here's a blast from the past, a moldy oldy that'll always last."

Somewhere in the dim misty days of yore, some radio statistician decided that regardless of chronological age the average mental age of the audience was twelve-and-a-half, and Top-40 radio aimed its message directly at the lowest common denominator. The disc jockeys have become robots performing their inanities at the direction of programmers who have succeeded in totally squeezing the human element out of their sound, reducing it to a series of blips and bleeps and happy, oh yes, always happy, sounding cretins who are poured from bottles every three hours. They have succeeded in making everyone on the staff sound alike—asinine. This is the much coveted "station sound."

At the same time the station's top brass are telling the advertiser that they have the solid 18-45 year old audience that represents the bulk of the buying public, they incessantly woo a sub-teen audience and seemingly do everything they can to offend the musical taste and common sense of everyone in their audience over twelve.

Their selection of music is almost invariably determined by what is happening in some other market. They will seldom take a chance on a new record, even when performed by a local group. Their measure is never excellence, but rather acceptance in some other market. Most stations today are playing from a list of approximately thirty records with seven to ten so-called extras.

Each week the stations call a selection of record stores and try to compute a top thirty. Most of them ignore the R&B stores. Few of them make any inquiry at all about LPs. If a record is selling that is more than seven inches in diameter, they don't care about it, don't want to hear it, and most assuredly are not going to play it.

Top-40 radio, as we know it today and have known it for the last ten years, is dead, and its rotting corpse is stinking up the airways.



ERIC BURDON, ACTOR

BY KEN STODDARD

"It's good to be playing for real people again," said Eric Burdon on his return to San Francisco. "The audiences in England are too blasé; they've had too much in too short a time, and they're spoiled. But the Americans have had just as much in the same amount of time and they're still digging it."

Eric Burdon is not blasé; he has a great many plans for his future and the future of The Animals. He foresees expanding his act on stage to a point near light opera by incorporating short plays and sketches into the musical performance. He also plans to integrate a light show into their act, conceived and produced by a remarkably original young American, Buddy Walters. He



HAVENS' NEW ALBUM

Richie Havens dropped by a few days ago to tell us about his new album, "Something Else Again," scheduled for release in the middle of November. He didn't have an acetate with him, but he did bring along the cover featuring a beautiful photo of himself playing a sitar. He uses the instrument on one piece, the title track of the Verve LP.

"This album is much closer than my last one to what I really want to say," Richie said. "There are things in it that I really want to get off my chest. Two of the songs — 'Inside of Him' and 'Don't Listen to Me' — I wrote in San Francisco earlier this year."

Richie didn't have the music to them when the sessions came up and, but for the words, wrote

the songs in the studio. Likewise, on "New City," Havens again had the words but not the music. He took the "New City" lyrics to his producer, John Court (who also produces Ian and Sylvia, Paul Butterfield, the Electric Flag and the Paupers, among others), and Court provided the music. Court wrote another track, "Sugar Plums," entirely; it is based on an eight-time repetition of a Bill Evans piano riff.

The album took a period of three months to record, due to Richie's extensive work in clubs and time spent on tours. Following San Francisco gigs early this month at a concert with Odetta and at the Fillmore Auditorium, Havens flew to Toronto for a week at the Riverboat and then

will travel to Britain with Burdon as a permanent member of the group.

Eric says he can act: "I feel the same way about acting as I did at 15 before I walked into a recording studio. I said 'I know I can make records,' even though technically they said 'You can't sing because you're tone deaf.'" Burdon believes he could make a movie, including the writing and the directing of it. A major factor in his decision to sign with MGM Records was his belief that their huge involvement in the motion picture industry would facilitate his acting and directing aspirations.

According to Eric, MGM got him a chance at the role Yardbirds later accepted in Michaelangelo Antonioni's "Blow-Up." To the company's chagrin (not to say extreme irritation) Burdon, after some consideration, turned the part down. He later was himself rejected in a bid for Paul Jones' role as Steven Shorter in Peter Watkins' "Privilege," a put down for which he later—upon seeing the film — thanked his lucky stars.

Burdon has appeared in two shorts, neither of which have been exposed to American audiences. One, however, was shown in Britain as a special, and negotiations for a similar American showing are underway. It is titled "World Of The Animals" and was shot entirely in Poland by a British crew which accompanied Burdon and the then current Animals on tour in early 1965.

The second is a 20-minute drama filmed in Britain under the direction of Mr. Barney Platts-Mills and co-starring Colin Welland. Both gentlemen are mentioned in the liner notes of Eric's latest album "Winds Of Change." The film is entitled "The War."

to Ann Arbor to work at Canterbury House. Of New York, his home base, Havens says "it needs a lot of help. I'm trying to find a way to get New York together."

"No Opportunity Necessary, No Experience Needed," from the album, is currently on release as a single. "It's about religiousness in a sense, but the subject is kids and how their relationship with their parents can be really fantastic, but that it isn't. They can't understand one another and that is the reason they don't talk to each other."

Except for two solo tracks and "Run, Shake a Life," Havens uses Jeremy Steig and the Satyrs as a backing group. That group has a flute and a clavichord and uses Brazilian rhythms which Havens says complement, rather than compete with, his own superb rhythmic sense.

Other titles include "From the Prison," and "The Klan," both solo performances, and Bob Dylan's "Maggie's Farm."

On "Run, Shake a Life," a tune which Havens used to do when he had a seminal rock and roll group known as the Last Men about two years ago, he got the members of the band back together for the session.

Richie pointed out that the title track may sound like it has a tabla, but the belly-like tone of the tabla is actually achieved through the subtle use of a guitar, a bass and tom's played with the hands. "It has a happy sound."

BY JON LANDAU

The record business is a well known drag. Even if it isn't a drag for everybody, up until recently it has certainly been a drag for Aretha Franklin. Six years ago she made the mistake of signing a long term contract with a label that didn't know what to do with her — Columbia — and for five years she struggled with material like "Rock-A-Bye Your Baby" and "Try A Little Tenderness." She did the best she could with it, and some of her recordings were extremely good, but it obviously wasn't her scene.

It was only when the Columbia contract expired that Aretha's luck began to change. In 1966 she had the good fortune to encounter an aspect of the music scene which is definitely not a drag, namely Jerry Wexler, the Vice-President of a non-drag label, Atlantic Records.

Wexler has been largely responsible for the soul revival, and while he is certainly not averse to commercial success, he seems to have a high regard for the integrity of his artists. Under his leadership Atlantic and its subsidiaries have been coming up with thoroughly inspired and revitalized soul music, in the form of Joe Tex, Otis Wilson, i.e., the whole Stax-Volt thing. It was under Wexler that the old Ray Charles records were done which set a standard for modern blues artists. The importance of Wexler in allowing Charles artistic freedom can be seen when we compare the Atlantic Ray Charles to the ABC Ray Charles. ABC simply did not know what to do with the genius and as a result he never produced a satisfying album during his entire tenure on that label.

When Aretha finally got away from Columbia Jerry moved in and set her up with Atlantic's regular soul sidemen and songwriters, and in a very short time she emerged as a super-star. Now she books for incredible sums of money and her recent records sell in incredible numbers.

The new Aretha is obviously her own girl with an easily identifiable sound. While Wexler himself produces her, it is obvious that, as with Charles, his commercial and artistic sense tells him that Aretha will do better left alone. Let her do her things, after all, she's the one with the talent. That's the way to treat an artist. Motown wouldn't have been good for Aretha because just like Columbia they would have tried to stick her with a sound that wasn't her own, and for Aretha it never would have worked.

[IN THE SHADOWS]

Musically, Aretha is obviously into gospel. She is the daughter of a well known gospel singer and she has listened to Alex Bradford and Marion Williams, although Aretha's style is more lowdown than either of theirs. She has also listened to B. B. King and other urban, gospel-oriented, blues vocalists. But above all, standing behind her like a shadow, is Ray Charles.

Aretha's own synthesis of all these basically frenetic styles first appeared on *I Never Loved A Man the Way That I Love You*, (the album). On it, Aretha got into some very fine things. She did a very nice job with the rhythm on "Respect" and she laid down a very fine vocal on King Curtis' old instrumental,

"Soul Serenade." Also, "Don't Let Me Lose This Dream" showed her off as a fine songwriter, and again her very subtle rhythmic sense predominates. The verses are almost Latin. The main hang-up with the album as a whole was the lack of versatility on the part of the sidemen. The drums weren't hard enough, the guitar was weak, and the production lacked polish.

On the new album, *Aretha Arrives*, these problems are completely removed. Most of the

slow ballads begin to drag after a while, especially because there is so little attempt at doing anything distinctive with some of them. On the first album this problem was particularly evident on Aretha's then attempt at recreating Ray Charles' gorgeous "Drown in My Own Tears." On the new album there is too much, of stuff like "Never Let Me Go," which fits into this category of uninspired slow stuff.

A cut like "Prove It," or "Change's Gonna Come," on the

who doesn't listen to a lot of soul music this reliance on shouts and screams can be very exciting, but to people more accustomed to the idiom, it is likely to wear very thin. The only soul star who knows how to handle the technique consistently is Ray Charles. Even James Brown can get to be a drag when he overdoes that kind of thing, which lately he hasn't.

So much for the hang-ups. The rest of what is happening here is first rate all the way. On side one Aretha turns in a knockout "Satisfaction," (dig the drums) and a solid remake of Charles' "You Are My Sunshine." She is a hundred per cent successful with her vaguely comical "96 Tears," and "Prove It" is the best ballad on the album, making the most successful use of strings on any of the bands. Side two has most of the real winners though.

Leading off is a version of "That's Life" which convinces you that not only Aretha, but the song as well, is great. "Going Down Slow" is the best blues on the album and is very tough, especially the ending, and the riff that the band backs her with. "Ain't Nobody," written by sister Carolyn, is a gospel thing that shows how well Aretha works with those minor gospel chord progressions. The gospel shouting in the background is breathtaking. And finally there is the opus, by far the best cut on the record, "Baby, I Love You." This cut smoulders eroticism, has beautiful piano, fine rhythm guitar, great lyrics, great vocal backup by Aretha and her sisters, double tracked, and a perfect lowdown dirty lead vocal. I think I got it all.

Basically, *Aretha Arrives* is a high impact album in which neither the sophistication nor the subtlety of the musicians involved gets in the way of the basic primitivism of Aretha's music. The best cuts on the record hit with tremendous immediacy and force, and do so in a totally artistic way. The only hang-ups are the occasional reliance on unnecessary gimmicks, and the weakness of some of the material.

[A NATURAL WOMAN]

It will be interesting to see where Aretha goes from here. The only single that she has released since this album is quite distinct from anything else she has done for Atlantic. "A Natural Woman" was written for Aretha by the team of Goffin and King who do so much writing for big white groups like the Righteous Brothers, the old Animals, and the Monkees. They are songwriters who can write a song to fit anyone's style, and "A Natural Woman," while it is an extremely commercial record, is also a significant improvement over some of the material Aretha's been recording. The production is more within the mainstream of big pop production and makes far better use of strings and horns than was done on either of the two albums.

It is a good sign for the future of Aretha's career because, even while taking her away from some of the more lowdown stuff she has already done, it gives her a chance to work with the really big sound her voice is capable of without sacrificing her identity. It shows that she can go beyond what she has already done. And when one has done as much as Aretha already has, that is no mean accomplishment.

ARETHA



people who do Wilson Pickett's sessions were brought in for the new job, and particularly crucial here was the use of drummer Roger Hawkins. He turns the whole thing into rock and roll which was what the first album lacked. On four of the slow cuts Wexler tries out some strings and I think they work quite well.

Aretha's performance on *Aretha Arrives* is not faultless. On the contrary, she herself has two distinct hang-ups, both of which were present on the first album, and both of which really begin to grate on the new one. The first of these has to do with her choice of material. All these

first album, are both very inspired ballad performances, and show fully Aretha's capacity in this direction. Nonetheless, dull stuff takes up too much space on *Aretha Arrives* and helps to destroy the continuity of the album as a whole.

[THE GOSPEL SHOUT]

Aretha's other problem takes the form of a gimmick. It seems whenever she gets into a weak spot in one of the arrangements she runs for the gospel shouts. She overuses two or three phrases to the point of distraction from whatever else is going on during the cut. To someone

FESTIVAL: FOLK'S FRIENDLY FAMILY ALBUM



"All through the ages you'll find that people have gotten hung up with making music," says one of the kids interviewed in *Festival*. To him, that's what folk music is all about, and it's what *Festival*, a documentary about the Newport Folk Festival from 1963 to 1966, is all about.

The first great moment in the film is of the Georgia Sea Island Singers. Five seconds into it you see the point of the film: music is music and such distinctions and labels as "folk" and "folk-rock" are absurd. It's like Louis Armstrong said: "Never seen a horse singing so it's got to be folk music."

The 1965 Newport Folk Festival was the first place Dylan appeared in concert with an electric band. While showing Dylan preparing for the historic concert, the hassles with the technicians, and the difficulty in setting everything up, the scenes move back and forth to interviews with old Southerners talking about and playing the simplest kind of country music ("That son of mine," says one old lady, "has never had a lesson in his life.") The cutting technique also builds up excitement. When Dylan actually performs ("Maggie's Farm"), you see how pointless labels are.

The movie has some brilliant moments, like the scene of Son House and Mike Bloomfield. Bloomfield talks about *playing* the blues. Son House says you don't play the blues, you *feel* the blues: "The real old blues don't call for no jumpin'. When you goes to jumpin', that ain't the blues."

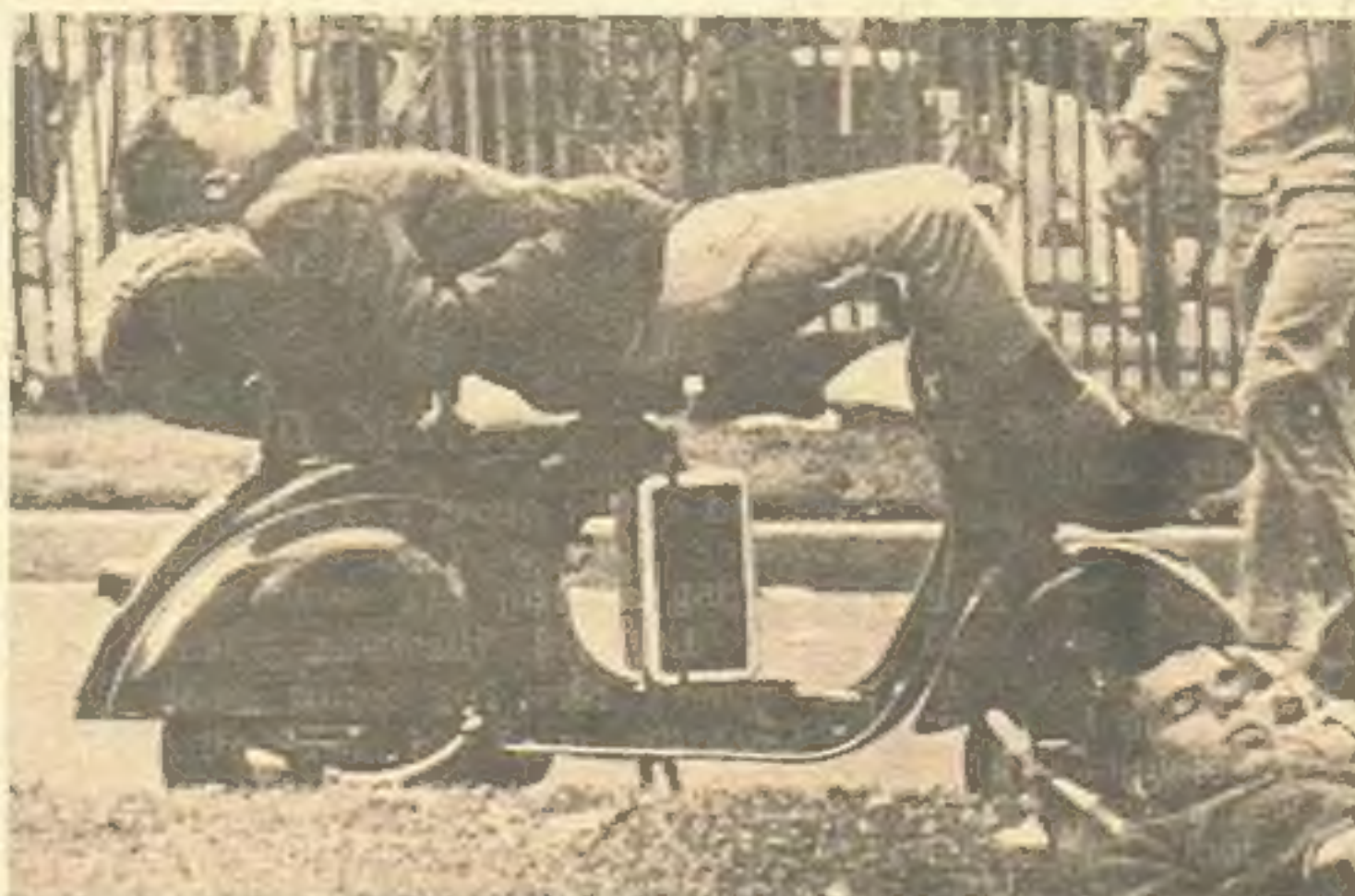
"I wasn't born to the blues," says Bloomfield. "Man, I'm Jewish, you know, I've been Jewish for years. Hell, man, I'm not Son House. I have not been pissed on, stepped on, shifted on. But Butterfield is somethin' else. There's no white bullshit with him. It wouldn't matter if he was green. If he was a plenaria, a tuna fish sandwich, Butterfield would still be into the blues."

There is really no great dispute about the blues. The plain fact of the matter is that Paul Butterfield can and does sing the blues.

What the film doesn't show is how the crowd booed Dylan for appearing with an electric band (even though it was the same band Paul Butterfield used at the festival).

Murray Lerner, who made the film, is a little dishonest not to show that part. If he were concerned for the image of the Newport Folk Festival or for Dylan he could have made up for the booing by including the part where Johnny Cash, in the tradition of the great country singers, gave his guitar to Dylan.

What it all comes down to, as Mel Lyman says in the beginning, "You don't choose to play music; it chooses to play you."



RECORDS



Strange Days, the Doors (Elektra EKS 74104)

The Doors are an amazing group. Each of them are highly competent and talented musicians, yet music is only secondary to what they are doing. They are violently anti-commercial in their stance and their approach, and yet the finished product is highly commercial. And it would also appear that vocalist Jim Morrison is making a direct appeal to the pubescent market, but upon closer examination, it turns out that he is not.

As musicians, the Doors are very good. Their excellence of musicianship, however, is not seen as individuals, because they do nothing really new or different as soloists. Their excellence is together as a group—the total effect they achieve. The group is original and highly evocative.

Many of the chord progressions and figures are easily recognizable from their first album. Except for the addition of an occasional bass, the instrumentation is nearly identical to the previous LP. Through very logical development, they have improved their original methods and techniques with more effective instrumentation (a variety of keyboard sounds, a lot of slide guitar, and strongly musical electronic bridges). They have not attempted to make any big changes in direction or music (like so many groups mistakenly feel obligated to), but have refined and enriched their previous efforts. Consequently their new album has all the power and energy of the first LP, but is more subtle, more intricate and much more effective.

On a track like "Unhappy Girl," the various instrumental pieces and the vocal combine perfectly. The effect is overwhelming. "I Can't See Your Face in My Mind" is the only disappointing song on the record; it's mild without justification.

"My Eyes Have Seen You," "Strange Days," and "Love Me Two Times," all have the same commercial potential of "Light My Fire." They are heavy, evocative and climactic pieces.

As was strongly hinted in their first album, the Doors conceive their efforts primarily in terms of drama rather than in terms of music. The music is not meant to be particularly virtuosic or experimental. It is played to be dramatically meaningful. Before they formed as a group, the Doors were, individually, students at the UCLA drama school.

It was a unique qualification. Beginning with long hair and patterns of dress, rock and roll has become increasingly visual. Jimi Hendrix and the Who seem practically primitive next to the Doors. Rock and roll has become theatre.

Many people don't care to see Jim Morrison making it with his microphone in the manner of Mick Jagger nor do they especially want to watch him writhing on the floor. If they don't, then they suggest he is selling out to commercialism, has an old-fashioned concept of rock and roll or something. However, what's actually taking place on stage, and what Morrison is doing, is about 3000-years old fashioned and very contemporary in approach.

Music is very sensual and it is

particularly obvious in rock and roll. Morrison is just not making any bones about it. He's just doing what comes naturally.

One must think of the Doors in a theatrical rather than a musical way. Their whole album, individual songs and especially the final track are constructed in the five parts of tragedy. Like Greek drama, you know when the music's over because there is catharsis. And, as the Doors suggest in their closing song, "When the Music's Over," you "turn out the light."



The Stax/Volt Revue, Live in London, Volume One, Booker T. and the MG's, the Mar-Keys, Eddie Floyd, Sam and Dave, Carla Thomas and Otis Redding (Stax S721)

Such a fantastic sampler of the modern sound of Memphis would have to come from London where the kids have always been hip to American blues and rhythm and blues and where Eddie Floyd and Steve Cropper are names that everybody seems to know.

Eddie Floyd is a singer and a writer and responsible for one of the all time great songs, "Knock on Wood," which appears in five minute version on this album. Steve Cropper is a writer, producer and a superb guitarist. He produced and played on "Knock on Wood," wrote, with Floyd, that song, and many others, like "Green Onions," "Midnight Hour," another modern classic, and dozens of others.

Cropper, Floyd, Al Jackson, David Porter and Isaac Hayes are the main men behind the scenes, in the studios at Stax. In front are Otis Redding, Sam and Dave, Carla Thomas, Wilson Pickett and many others. The Stax-Volt house band, though relatively unknown, is a great group, working from simple patterns and progressions to create songs with totally irresistible rhythm.

Memphis has replaced Motown as the place where from which contemporary blues are most influenced. Unlike two years ago, a rhythm and blues show today features primarily Stax-Volt material rather than Motown. The on-stage manner of Otis Redding is more popular now than Smokey Robinson's. And you know what Aretha Franklin has done with the Memphis sound.

It is a curiosity that Otis Redding, a contemporary crown prince of soul and a leading figure at Stax, has never had a song in the top twenty, although other artists — Arthur Conley and Aretha Franklin among them — have all scored number one with his material. On this album he does "Shake," a Sam Cooke number, with which he tore up the Monterey Pop Festival and dozens of other audiences.

Carla Thomas, with whom Otis scored on "Tramp" and with whom Otis also dueted on a recent version of "Knock on Wood," performs Lennon and McCartney's "Yesterday." It is well done but otherwise is not very worthy or interesting. "B-A-B-Y," however, is fairly swinging.

"Knock on Wood," which breaks into "Shake Your Moneymaker" for a moment, is a stone groove, as they say. It is preceded by a version of "If I Had a Hammer," which works only because Floyd is capable of investing it with the incredible Stax-Volt style, not because of the concept of it, which strikes one as rather a bad idea.

Sam and Dave don't make it on the record with "When Something is Wrong with My Baby," a song too

saccharine to be effective, but they close the revue in grand fashion with "Hold On, I'm Coming."

Any way you look at it, this is a record worth having. It's got a lot of moldy oldies and even more, it captures all the excitement and instrumental polish of what's happening in Memphis today.



Earth Music

The Youngbloods (RCA Victor ST3865)

"We like pretty melodies and harmonies, and we play good music," says Jesse Colin Young. The Youngbloods' new album, *Earth Music*, is, for the most part, well produced. The group's sound is a little under produced in comparison to what they are capable of in live performance. However, there are many interesting vocal effects, and the arrangements are strong.

After many hassles with their producer, the Youngbloods gained control of all their own production. The group produced nearly half the songs on *Earth Music* and collaborated on most of the other cuts with former producer Felix Pappalardi. The LP contains their third single release "Euphoria," an old Holy Modal Rounders tune, which is done in a Dixieland style. The album also features four previously unreleased original tunes. Banana sings his composition "Fool Me" with Jesse, and Jerry and Jesse and Banana team up on most of the other new numbers.

The vocal cohesion of The Youngbloods is surprising. The blend achieved by lead guitarist Jerry Corbitt and bassist Jesse Colin Young gives the impression that only one person is singing. "When Jerry and I sing together one of us is always singing country and the other is singing blues." This is most obvious in songs like "Euphoria" and "Sugar Babe." Jesse's voice comes across strongest in numbers like "Reason to Believe," the beautiful Tim Hardin song, and good-time numbers like "The Wine Song." Jesse's rendition of "Long and Tall" doesn't compare

to his in-person performance of it.

Both Jerry and Jesse have been through the folk scene. They joined forces in Cambridge, Mass., about two years ago. Previous to that time Jerry and friend Taj Mahal had presented an idea to good friend John Sebastian about the formation of a group, but John wasn't ready yet.

Singles:

"Run Out of Time," the Paul Butterfield Blues Band (Elektra EK 45620)

Paul Butterfield has successfully worked the brass into his band in a way that is fairly original and not imitative. Elvin Bishop uses fuzztone on a few solos, but works most easily when complementing the brass. The song is nice, but the solo experiments have been made at the cost of the rhythm section.

B/W "One More Heartache," a tune written by Bill (Smokey) Robinson, more closely reflects the current sound of the band and what Butterfield is attempting with his harmonica. The song is constructed around a series of interior crescendos which create a basis for some fairly nice solos from Butterfield and Bishop. The bass line is precise, but neither Buggsy Moss, nor the rest of the group gets into any of the excitement of which they are capable.

"Look in My Face," The Magic Mushrooms (Phillips 40483)

Could this be a bootleg Procol Harum tape? A Stevie Windwood vocal is sung against a series of descending piano chords and the chorus is uptempo against ascending organ chords. The chorus is basically simple: "Look in my face/what do you see/... my disgrace." The story line is modern white blues, about growing up and making various realizations at various ages.

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LONDON: BEATLE MAGIC, UFO (R.I.P.), AND NICE NICE

BY NICK JONES

Things are slowly growing into another beautiful onslaught of Beatlemania (?) which everybody thinks is going to happen around Christmas. The Beatles' film, *Magical Mystery Tour*, is going to be a TV spectacular being sought after at the moment by over 40 different networks.

These include three representatives from the States, ABC, NBC, and CBS, but nobody knows yet which one's won. Naturally the show promises to be incredible. Most of the action was shot in Southeast England, around Cornwall and Devon, a couple of months ago. The Beatles traveled around the country in a brightly painted coach overflowing with actors and characters—loons all!

The editing of the film is taking longer than was expected and the Beatles may now postpone their trip to India to study with the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, and make it in early '68. Paul and George flew across to southern Sweden last week to a wealthy resort, Falsterbohus, where the Maharishi has just set up an academy for meditation. They

stayed for a few days and then returned to England.

Last respects were paid to Brian Epstein at a special memorial service two weeks ago. Among the people present were all four Beatles, Cilla Black, the Fourmost, and Lulu.

Joe Boyd told me a nice story this week about the first time the fuzz tried to close down UFO, London's first underground club. The police pressured the landlord into giving Boyd his notice—but only three days notice. Says Ted: "We were told on a Tuesday that we could not open, as usual, on Friday. We hustled around as quickly as we could to find another venue and suddenly out of the blue Brian Epstein offered us, of all unlikely places for a UFO night, the champagne bar of his Saville Theatre! It was a beautiful gesture but it didn't materialize because lawyers soon found some ancient by-law that didn't allow happenings in the champagne bar of the Saville!"

The Cream are gradually getting together again after their Stateside tour and it was announced this week, at last, that their new album is scheduled for release. It's called "Disraeli

Gears," and it's released here on November 3. The album's got eleven tracks and it includes the extraordinarily beautiful "We're Going Wrong," plus "Sunshine of Your Love," "Tales Of Brave Ulysses," "Take It Back," and "Mother's Lament." The album sleeve is very explosive and I'm sure that'll go for sales all over the world too. Last Sunday the Cream returned triumphantly to London's Saville and completely blew everybody's minds once again. Eric Clapton spent last Thursday down at the Hammer-smith Odeon where the American Folk Blues Festival guys were warming up for their shows in the evening. Skip James and Son House were particularly popular with Eric who was legging around in the dressing rooms and re-charging himself with some rare authenticity.

Hapshash and the Coloured Coat is a groovy little company of very friendly people, headed by Nick English and Nigel Waymouth, who have been responsible for most of the posters in England over the past six months. They did the Hendrix at the Fillmore poster, remember? Anyway they have just got their first album released, for lack of better

description, a kind of Mothers freak-out thing, with a track of meditation chants and lots of goodies like that. It's a very stimulating album with a beautiful sleeve and I'll tell you more about them and it soon.

There's a new group called the Nice—who are. They're managed by Andrew Oldham and they're now working out with Andrew's Immediate Records label. The group is led by organist Keith Emerson who plays like a groovy astronaut orbiting around everything, and they play numbers ranging from interstellar versions of "A Day In The Life," to "Aries" from the Cosmic Sounds "Zodiac" album. If your eyes are open you'll soon be digging these guys.

Vanilla Fudge are still here and played a gig at the Speakeasy last Thursday to a very packed, hot club. Cream's Clapton, Jimi Hendrix Experience, P. P. Arnold, Jeff Beck, the Who's Roger Daltrey, Andrew Oldham, the Nice, the Herd, Traffic and a couple of Procol Harum could be seen digging the Fudge and altogether it was a good night. There was a full moon too... Love...

Can you dig it?

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PHIL OCHS

OUTSIDE OF A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS... there really are no words to be wrung from an adman's skills to decorate the art of a poet who dyes his mind in music and makes it sing and dance to the meter of humanity's joys and follies. PHIL OCHS is a poet who has stretched his art beyond the accepted limitations of the industry of recorded sound. There are few words now...nor next week. Nor ever. PHIL OCHS (and what and who and why he is) is all there in the album; even the word "album" is inadequate. What PHIL OCHS has created is a movie without pictures. See it in the nearest drive-in (which is your own mind).

Look outside the window—there's a woman being grabbed. They dragged her to the bushes and now she's being stabbed. Maybe we should call the cops and try to stop the pain. But Monopoly is so much fun—I'd hate to blow the game...

Riding down the highway, yes my back is getting stiff. Thirteen cars have piled up—they're hanging on a cliff. Maybe we should pull them back with our towing-chain. But we gotta move and we might get sued and it looks like it's gonna rain...

Sweating in the ghetto with the colored and the poor. The rats have joined the babies who are sleeping on the floor. Now wouldn't it be a riot if they really blew their tops—

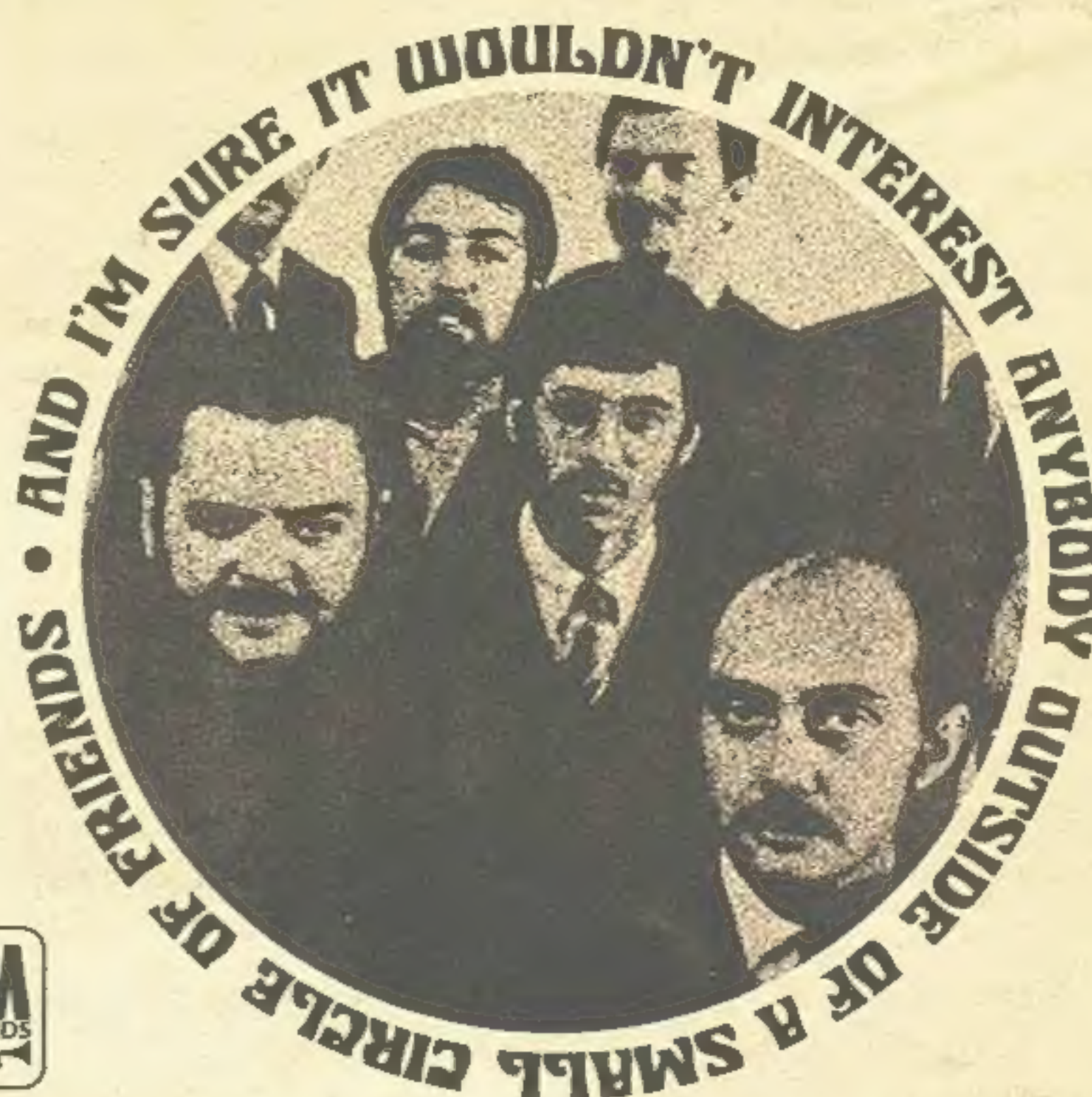
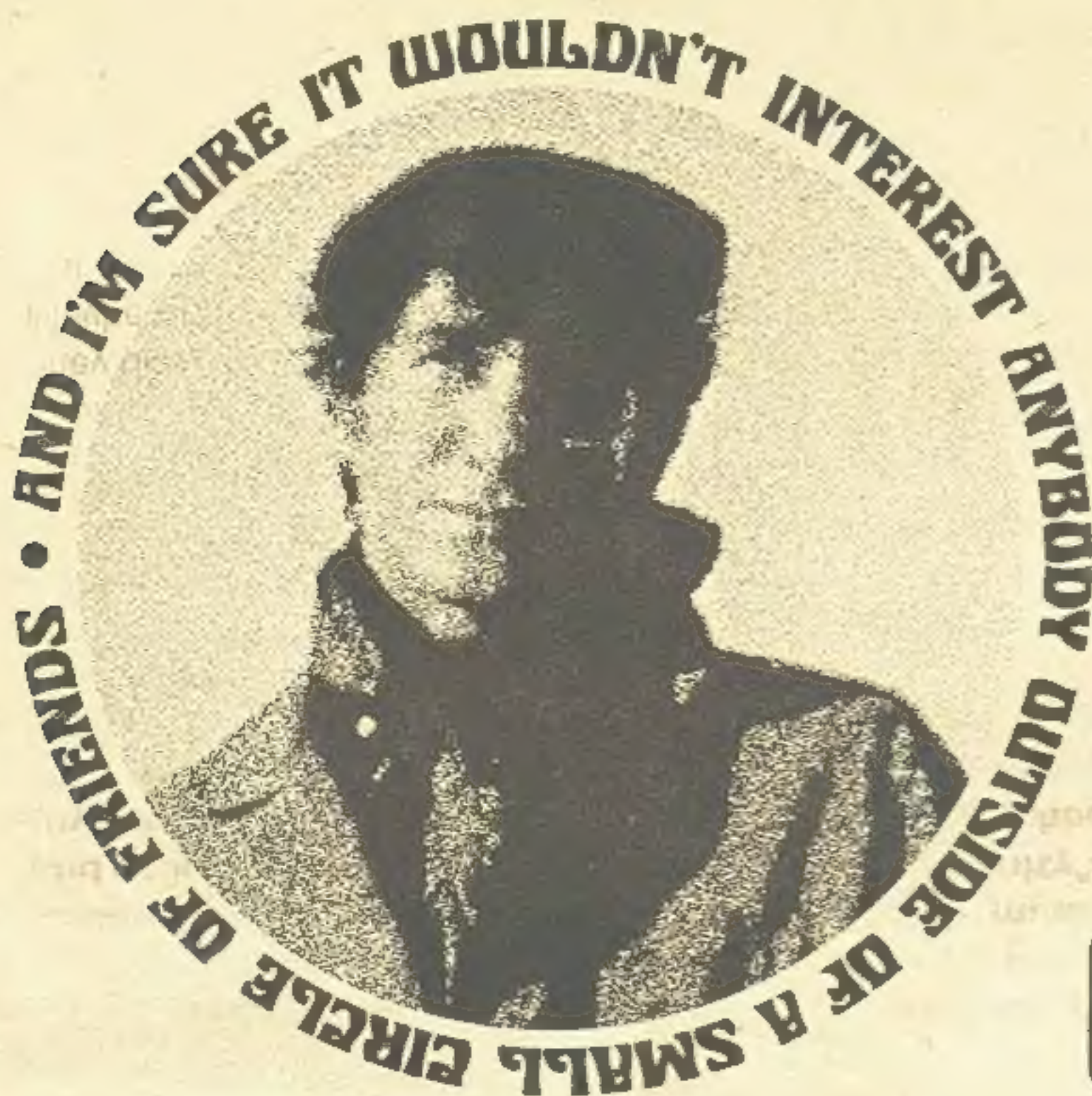
But they got too much already and besides we got the cops...

There's a dirty paper, using sex to make a sale. The Supreme Court was so upset they sent him off to jail. Maybe we should help the fiend and take away his fine. But we're busy reading Playboy and the Sunday New York Times...

Smoking marijuana is more fun than drinking beer. But a friend of ours was captured and they gave him thirty years. Maybe we should raise our voices, ask somebody why— But demonstrations are a drag, besides we're much too high...

But outside of the small circle of friends is a large rhomboid embracing most of the people of the world who are waiting for friendship, praying to belong, aching for comfort. PHIL OCHS' album "PLEASURES OF THE HARBOR" is like the coming of a Dawn—it is not an Answer, but it offers the opportunity of an Awakening.

The album "PLEASURES OF THE HARBOR" (and the songs within its tracks; "Outside of a Small Circle of Friends" is one) is tossed into the rhomboid in the hope that a few more minds may be spun inside the small circle of friends and, thus, the circle may be enlarged.



PHIL OCHS